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A Millennial Town

BY C. E. SPICER.

THE EXPOSITOR

Or CHRISTIAN LIGHT

A monthly paper for exposing error and for the promotion of Primitive Ghristianity.

It contains accounts from time to time of the progress and assistance rendered in building the Orphanage and Ghristian Workers' Home, in Brown County, Indiana.

SUBSCRIPTION 20c A YEAR

Nearly every issue contains an original poem by the author of "A MILLENNIAL TOWN."

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C. E. SPICER,

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A MILLENNIAL TOWN

By C. E. SPICER

IN FOUR PARTS

A Glimpse of Sin.

Another Form of Sin.

A Vision of the Christ.

Streaks of Millennial Dawn.

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EXPLANATORY.

Some months ago a religious paper published an offer to pay a certain sum for the best essay in story form on the following: "What God the Father Through His Son Jesus Christ is Able and Willing to Do for Mankind Today." The story was to contain no less than six thousand, and no more than eight thousand words. The author was not to give his own experience, but to confine himself to "thus saith the Lord."

"A Millennial Town" was the story selected, and was to have been printed in book form and put upon the market, but for reasons best known to the publisher, his part of the contract was not fulfilled, and with the author's consent the manuscript was returned to him. He then, having received liberty of mind, and being encouraged by his friends, decided to publish the article himself, believing that God could and would use it to His glory.

The author is deeply sensible of the tameness and the great lack of his production, but as it is his first appearance before the public in such a form, he hopes that even the most refined of his readers will deal gently in their criticism, and remember that God has not despised the day of small things, but sometimes uses the foolish things to confound the wise. Should this be the case even in the smallest degree with this feeble article, and the name of God be glorified, the wish of the author shall have been gratified.

In Christ,

January 18, 1899. C. E. S.

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A MILLENNIAL TOWN.

PART THE FIRST.

A Glimpse of Sin.

One dark, cold night that followed
A drear December day,
When the new fall'n snow, beneath the feet
In scattered patches lay,
I saw a youth quite thinly clad,
Who once was brave and strong,
Now wasted by disease, and pale,
Come hurrying along.
And as he passed I saw the marks
Of frozen tear-drops there,
Which told a tale of suffering,
Of misery and despair.
At home he'd left a youthful wife,
With babe on bed of straw,
Scarcely protected from the gale
Of bitter wind and raw.
Thought he, "I know 'tis wrong to steal
Aught from my fellow-man—
'Thou shalt not steal,' the Bible says,
But I've done the best I can.
In Gibson's store I once had work
Till sickness laid me low;
Then to keep from suff'ring, Bessie had
To wash, and iron and sew.
Now she is sick and our sweet babe
Will suffer from the cold,
Unless I carry out my plan
And steal that watch of gold.
I'll pay it back when I find work,
And give big interest, too;
To live by illy-gotten hoard—
No, I shall never do.
In vain I've tried to find me work,

But always am denied;
But when spring comes, if not before,
Our wants shall be supplied.
'Tis three long days since we saw food,
And Bessie's wants I feel;
There's none will help in this vile place—
There's naught to do but steal."
Then on with hasty step he strode
Up to a jeweler's store;
As if to hide the deed, the snow
Fell faster than before.
Forth from his pocket then he drew
A simple instrument,
Which back and forth across the pane
Of polished glass he sent,
Until a sudden pressure forced
His hand quite thro' the pane;
He seized the gaudy, golden watch,
And then was gone again.

Making His way thro' the blinding blast
He reached a pawn-shop door,
Awoke the man, and pawned the watch
For dollars half a score.
Suspicious look and deep concern
The broker's face o'erspread.
"Strange business this," he thought within,
Aloud, he simply sa.d,
"How long till you'll redeem your watch—
A week or so, I s'pose?"
Scanned narrowly the haggard cheek,
And marked the well-worn clothes.
"A few short weeks, if God permit—
My father willed it me.
I hate so much to part with it,
But I'm in need, you see."
So saying, he turned and left the shop,
And faced the storm once more.
Far out, he paused beneath a sign
Of "Drug and Notion Store."
He rang the bell and roused the clerk,
Who rose and let him in.
"My wife is sick," the young man said,
"And needs some medicine."
A score of things he purchased then,

Of drugs, and clothes, and food,
And sundry other articles
In need of which they stood.
Then picking up his purchased goods
With sturdy, guilty tread,
Poor fellow, went to those he loved,
And took them clothes and bread,
While the wond'ring clerk some moments [mused,
Then took himself to bed.

Another Form of Sin.

On th' other side the town there stood
A costly mansion fair,
With concrete walks, and marble steps,
And damask curtains rare.
Soft music floated in the breeze;
The house was all aglow.
The light shone bright across the street
Thro' the whirling, dancing snow.
As one enchanted there, I stood,
While music upward rolled—
It seemed I heard the angels sing,
And "strike their harps of gold."
'Twas Gibson's mansion, he who was
The chief man of the place;
Whose buildings of all sorts and make
Full twenty streets did grace.
His daughter Rose, the city belle,
Was playing, "Home, Sweet Home,"
While doting friends in gay attire
Were seated round the room,
Then suddenly with louder strain
The music floated out—
The door was opened to the street,
A figure glided out.
'Twas Gibson's; well I knew that form,
That sanctimonious air—
A hundred times in the leading church
I've seen him bow in prayer.
"We thank thee for Thy matchless gift;
O bless Thy church," he said.
"Lord, bless the poor; yea, bless us all,

And daily give us bread."
Adown the street with pious step
I saw this good (?) man go,
While still I followed close behind,—
His business I would know.
He stopped beside a lowly hut
Where lived a widow poor;
Without a knock, and unannounced,
He entered at the door.
The driving wind blew flakes of snow
Across the poor old bed,
Where lay the widow suff'ring from
Neuralgia in her head.
The blast of wind blew out the light,
The woman groaned in pain;
"Ho, ho," said Gibson, "In the dark?
I'll light the lamp again."
Upon the bed beside her there
Four little children lay,
One of whom—a little boy—
Was sick from day to day.
"I've come for rent," our Christian said;
"'Twas due last week, I b'lieve."
"We've not a dollar now," she said;
"Not e'en on which to live."
"Tut, tut, woman!" this Shylock said,
"You promised it, you know."
"I know I did, but I took sick,
And Benny grew quite low;
I paid out all my money then
To summon Doctor Blair,
Who says the child will surely die,
Without the best of care.
Today the widow, Mrs. Moore,
Who happened to come in,
Gave me a quarter—all she had—
To buy more medicine.
There's nothing in the house to eat,
But still that's nothing new;
Yet if we all were strong and well
We'd manage to pull through."
There on the stand beside the bed
Lay her old pocketbook;
The rich man's eyes detected it,
With keen and searching look.

With eager clutch he took it up
And looked its contents o'er.
"Two dimes, five cents," he counting said;
"You say you have no more?"
"No more, indeed," protested she,
"For medicine or bread."
"Well, then I'll take this on the rent—
It's mine by rights," he said.
"I'll come around next Tuesday night—
Be sure you have the rest."
And saying thus this Christian (?) man
Thrust it within his vest.
In vain she him implored,
In vain she wept and plead her son,
In vain resentment flushed her cheek,
For soon the man was gone.
She could do nothing, nothing say,
But weep and pray alone.

MORE SIN.

A scene yet more: adown the street
I saw an open door,
From which soft rays of tinted light
Upon the street did pour.
There ent'ring in I found a room
All cozy, bright and warm,
Which proved to be for aching limbs
A refuge from the storm.
The landlord with his cat-like tread
Was gliding to and fro,
And, aided by some four young men
In aprons white as snow,
Waited upon a curious throng
Of men and women there,
Who, seated at the tables grand
Loaded with costly ware,
Were gaily quaffing wine and beer
Beneath the electric glare.
Oh, sad indeed, the piteous sight
Which there my eyes did meet!
Some men I saw whose wives at home
Had not enough to eat;
And some whose children, well I knew,
Were shiv'ring from the cold,
As on their beds of straw they lay

In misery untold.
Young men, whose mothers late that eve
Had knelt in silent prayer,
Who could have sung and realized
That sad, soul-stirring air:
"Where is my wand'ring boy tonight?"
Ah, me! I saw him there.
And women too, who once were pure,
Now sat with sullied name,
And once fair cheeks and lustrous eyes
Now marred by sin and shame,
Were drinking, laughing, cracking jokes,
And cursing God and man!

In an adjoining room I saw
A woman decked with gold,
Whose bending form and wrinkled cheeks
Th' unwelcome story told,
In spite of paints and cosmetics,
That she was growing old.
In smothered undertone she spoke,
While anger swayed her frame,
"I say you shall, you silly minx!
I pay you for the same;
You'll do my bidding, virtuous miss,
Or lose at once your place."
Thus she addressed one of her sex—
A girl whose once fair face
A look of untold suff'ring bore,
And spoke of want and woe
Which none but half-paid working girls
Can ever truly know,
Who hand to hand in conflict long
The wolf fight from their door,
Until, discouraged and dismayed,
The battle they give o'er
And yield them to the tempter's snare.
'Twas thus with Ethel Page,
For she alone, although but now
Some eighteen years of age,
For years had kept a father old
And crippled brother too,
Besides a younger sister; one
Who "Mother" never knew,
But here of late the rents were raised,

And wages had gone down,
And Ethel, though industrious
As any in the town,
Found it impossible for them
To live and pay the rent.
And, being forced to quit the shops,
From place to place she went,
Seeking for work, but found it not,
Until she chanced to see
This advertisement in *The News*,
And read it eagerly:
"Wanted—Young girls; good wages paid;
Light work insured for all.
Former experience not required.
All applicants should call
At 'Fairy Inn,' on Mrs. Ford,
East end of Market street."
Her drooping, fainting spirits raised,
And soon with aching feet
And limbs she neared the "Fairy Inn,"
While from Perdition's gate
A thousand anxious demons there
Did her poor soul await,
As when a bird in innocence
Doth near the deadly charm
Of some dread reptile in the grass,
Nor dreams of death or harm;
So this poor soul in innocence
Soon bargained at the "Inn,"
And Satan with his cohorts did
His deadly work begin.
But soon, too soon, the awful truth
Brought many a heart-felt pang,
As nearing now the deadly coil,
She saw each poison fang.
She saw the truth with righteous rage,
And stoutly did protest,
Which brought the words from Mrs. Ford,
As were before expressed.
"Which shall it be?" continued still
This fiend with human face;
"Will you proceed to do the work,
Or give up now your place?"
Some moments thought poor Ethel Page,
She sank down on a chair;

Her color came, her color went—
  Bright hope, then dark despair,
A vision rose before her eyes
  In mystic colors there.
She saw a fiend in human form
  Inviting her to share
In pleasure, ease and luxury:
  The cost, disgrace and shame.
Then on the other hand she saw,
  Besides her spotless name,
Her helpless ones, hunger and want,
  With endless toil and pain—
The blinding tears leapt to her eyes,
  The picture seemed as real.
She gasped for breath, then raised her hands
  In trembling, mute appeal.
"We're starving now!" aloud she cried,
  "My poor, dear friends and I.
Great God above! I can but yield;
  If not, then we shall die!
I'll take your terms," she said at last.
  And then a sudden light
Gleamed in her eyes, and, bowing low,
  She passed out in the night.

PART THE SECOND.

A Vision of the Christ.

Twelve measured strokes from the old town clock
  Announced the midnight hour,
And with my heart made sad within
  Viewing sin's mighty power,
I turned me from its dreadful haunts
  Across a thoroughfare,
When on my ears there fell the voice
  Of one engaged in prayer.
Strange contrast here, indeed! thought I,
  This prayer with vice and sin,
I neared the place whence shone a light,

I paused, and, looking in,
Beheld a man in plain attire,
Who lay upon his face;
And thus he prayed: "Almighty God,
How wicked is this place!
A fortnight now, and more," he said,
"Have dearest Brother Payne,
His wife, my sister and myself
Been lab'ring here in vain.
O spare this place, most gracious Lord,
As Nineveh of old,
And may there yet full many sheep
Be brought into the fold."
In prayer he wrestled hard and long;
He walked about the room,
And wept and groaned as if he saw
At hand the sinner's doom.
"How can I live, great God," he said—
His heart seemed breaking now;
And then I noticed great sweat drops
Of anguish on his brow—
"Except Thou spare this wicked place?
Withhold Thy threat'ning rod,
And grant us many souls, I pray,
Thou mercy-loving God!"
The old town clock within the tower
Struck one, and then struck two,
And still like Jacob who of old
Wrestled the whole night thro,—
So prayed this man. His burden seemed
More than his heart could bear.
"I must not, will not let Thee go
Except Thou hear my prayer."
Far waned the night; the morning star
In glory did appear,
To herald day-dawn, and the Christ
Whose coming draweth near.
In deepest thought the young man sat,
His face turned to the skies;
His eyes did stare, yet saw he not
Except with other eyes.
For, as on Abraham of old,
A darkness deep and dense,
Had settled down upon him there,
Beclouding natural sense,

Yet saw he much. The city rose
With all its vice and woe
Before his spirit's gaze. He seemed
Gifted with power to know
The deepest thoughts of every mind,
The heart and its intent.
Some hearts he saw pretending good,
But still on mischief bent.
Church houses built at times, he saw,
By schemes all fraudulent.
False shepherds oft as preachers stood,
Who loved the flock to tear,
Nor preached the will of God at all—
Whose gods their bellies were.
And by these blinded guides he saw
The thousands led astray,
While oft they met in empty form
To sing and praise and pray.
There lay the sick on every hand,
And those by Satan bound:
Christ's healing pow'r they had not known,
Nor Him as Savior found.
For how could they believe on Him
Of whom they had not heard?
Nor could they hear except those sent
Would preach His holy Word.
Besides the thousand sicknesses,
Distress and mortal pains,
He saw the proud oppressors there,
Who bound with galling chains
The poor and needy, grinding them
Beneath their cruel heel,
Possessed with power and with wealth,
And hearts that could not feel;
And oft young men and women forced
To sin and crime for bread,
Or drove them on to suicide,
More awful, and more dread.

But while he gazed in wonder great
Upon the city proud,
He saw the mighty wrath of God
Hang o'er it like a cloud;
While close at hand an angel stood
With unsheathed sword of flame

Stretched out, as David saw of old
Above Jerusalem.
And then a voice of thunder said
In tones that shook the ground,
"Cast down, destroy, nor let her place
Again on earth be found!
Her whoredoms great and sorceries
I can no longer bear.
Tho' Moses and tho' Samuel stood
And prayed me, saying, 'Spare,'
This would not for her now avail,
Nor for her sins atone,
Who such abominations great
And wickedness has done!"
The sword upraised; its movement seemed
As lightning in a storm,
When lo! upon the scene appeared
A meek and gentle form.
His bleeding hands and feet still bore
The marks of Calvary,
And seemed as fresh as when He hung
On that accursed tree.
"Nay, spare the place once more," He said,
"Until I further prove
And show to them the wondrous pow'r
Of My redeeming love.
Tho' wickedness on every side
Doth very much abound,
Still ignorance of every form
Among them may be found
My Father, 'twas for these," He said,
"I suffered, bled and died,—
Behold my wounded hands and feet,
This spear-wound in my side!"
And thus the meek and lowly One
The Father's wrath appeased—
It was His well-beloved Son
In whom He is well pleased.
The sword was sheathed; the threat'ning cloud
Dissolved inself in rain—
His love prevailed where holy men
Might plead and pray in vain.
Then, turning to the praying man
Who sat there mute as stone,
He said, "Go preach to them My Word;

Go tell to every one,
Behold the Kingdom is at hand;
He who believes on Me
Shall never die, but he shall live
To all eternity.
Baptize believers in My name,
The Holy Ghost I'll give,
And if they drink some deadly thing,
Yet surely shall they live.
They, too, shall speak with other tongues,
And laying on their hands
Shall heal the sick, and in My name
Burst all the devil's bands.
Behold, I thee the power give
To win much people here.
Thy prayer is heard, so let thy heart
Rejoice and feel no fear.
Make thy petitions in My name,
And God will grant each one.
Behold I'm with thee, and will prove
The things that God hath done,
And what He still for man will do
Through Jesus Christ His Son."
'Twas thus He spake and blessed him there,
Then on a cloud of light
He stepped, as in a chariot,
And vanished out of sight.

The young man stirred; behold the dawn
Had chased the night away,
And on his flaming wings the sun
Was ush'ring in the day.
Had ever such a wondrous day
Succeeded such a night?
The storm was past; the earth was wrapped
In robes of purest white;
And as the crystals pure and bright
Lay gleaming in the sun,
Reflecting, they returned the light
Ten thousand suns for one.
As one that wanders in a dream
In ecstacy most sweet,
He donned his wraps, and stepping out,
Walked slowly down the street.
The city walls were precious now;

He loved each gloomy stone;
"They are my Lord's," he whispered low—
"I love them every one!
He bade me ask whate'er I would,
And said it should be done,
So now I plead that this whole place
May speedily become
A city ruled by God alone,
Thro' Jesus Christ His Son."
He claimed the promise in His name;
He felt the answering fire,
And felt the God omnipotent
Had granted his desire.
The thought with rapture filled his breast,
And with his hands upraised
In thankfulness, he walked the street,
And wept, and laughed, and praised.
"What ails that man?" those passing by
Would ask in undertone.
"He acts like one well filled with wine,
Or else quite crazy gone."
He saw them not, nor heard their words,
But praising passed he on.

Persecution for Christ's Sake.

It was a glorious time at prayer
About their humble room,
The Pilgrims had that happy morn
When Brother Lore came home.
His face was radiant and bright,
He seemed to walk on air.
And when he told what wondrous things
God had revealed in prayer,
How he had spent the night before,
And God had met him there,
They were enthused, and filled with praise;
Their courage reached a flame.
Said they, "We'll take this place for God
In our dear Savior's name,
For He is able to perform
The promise He has made."
They read the Word, then sang a hymn
And kneeling down they prayed,

When Christ the Lord, as in the past,
His wondrous pow'r displayed—
The Holy Ghost upon them fell,
They rose and prophesied,
And spake of Christ, the glorious King,
For sinners crucified,
And how that we through faith in Him
Are freely justified.
Then how He cometh soon again
On earth with us to be,
To judge the world in righteousness,
In truth and equity.
And thus they did, till passers by
Upon the street without
Were filled with wonder and amazed
At what had come about.
Said they: "This people is insane,
Else why this noise so loud?"
But others said: "Oh, no, they're drunk;
It should not be allowed."
At last a portly officer
Stepped forth with mace in hand,
And rapping on the door he said:
"The peace I here command!"
They heard him not, for from their lips
The praise of God did pour.
Then stepped up to the officer
As he stood there by the door,
A stylish man with envious look,
And in an undertone
Said: "Sir, these people sure are drunk,
For, scarce two hours agone,
I saw one of them stagg'ring home,
He'd been thrown in a fight,
Or looked as if he might have rolled
The sidewalk all the night.
And, since they much disturb the peace,
I think it would be best
To walk right in, without delay,
And each of them arrest."
No second word he needed then—
This portly officer—
But striding up swung wide the door,
And, with commanding air,
"You may consider now yourselves

Under arrest," he siad.
He drew a pistol from his coat
And waived it o'er his head,
"I hope you'll not resist the law,"
He said to Brother Lore,
Who, somewhat milder than the rest,
Was standing near the door.
"Resist the law?" said Bro. Lore,
"What do you mean, my friend?
We're law-abiding citizens—
Why should we be arraigned?"
"Disorder, sir, and drunkenness;
The peace is much destroyed,
For, by this most unusual stir,
The town is much annoyed."
We are not drunken, as you think,
Nor have we tasted wine,
But thro' the grace of Jesus Christ,
W'ere filled with love divine.
It fills our hearts with rapture, sir,
To think He soon will come.
Our eyes shall then in joy behold
The blest Millennium!
And if you, sir, know not the Lord,
I bid you now prepare,
For none but those whose hearts are clean
Shall in His glory share."
"Ah, come, young man, no time to preach,
Nor argue Scripture here.
We'll take you to the station house,
And hear your sermon there."
Then came two other officers,
And, lending him their aid,
They marched the pilgrims off to jail—
They no resistance made,
Nor trouble gave of any kind,
Except with shout and song
They filled the air with joy and praise
As they did march along.
Then tried they were, convicted too,
Were fined and thrust in jail—
Tho' rich in grace, they lacked the gold
Which would on earth avail.
But then they did remember well
The words which Jesus spake—

"Blessed are ye when men revile
And hate you for my sake.
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
Yea, leap that day for joy,
For great is your reward in heaven
Which nothing can destroy."
Thus were the pilgrims comforted,
And filled with holy love;
Nor slacked they in their heavenly race
For that bright crown above.
With heart and voice they did rejoice
That to them it was given
To suffer shame for Jesus' name—
Jesus, the King of heaven!

PART THE THIRD.

Streaks of Millennial Dawn.

Now Bro. Payne and Bro. Lore
A single cell did share.
And so it was one morning when
They rose up from their prayer,
They heard thro' gratings in the wall
A noise of weeping sore,
From some poor, hapless prisoner
Brought in the night before.
Pressed in his spirit, Bro. Lore
Advancing close did say:
"What seems to be the trouble, friend?
Tell me your mind, I pray."
"Ah sir!" a falt'ring voice replied,
"I know not what to do.
Better for me had I died young!
I've wept this whole night thro'.
My troubles seemed much greater far
Than I could scarcely bear,
But when I heard you sing that hymn,
And heard your morning prayer,
My heart received another thrust,
And now I'm filled with fear
That I have never known the Lord,

Nor felt His presence near.
You prayed to God as one who talks
To some familiar friend,
And said you knew that all you need
He would not fail to send,
And then you laughed and shouted so,
And seemed so filled with joy,
That I was sure the peace you had
No thing could e'er destroy.
Not hunger, want, nor sore distress,
Nor sword, nor flame. nor death,
Nor anything above the world,
Nor anything beneath,
I felt, could ever separate
From such undying love;
For while you seemed to walk on earth
Your home was heaven above.
I know your story: for 'tis told
By people everywhere—
How you were at your own fireside
Arrested while at prayer,
And charged with breaking law and peace,
And fined for drunkenness—
And then to see your quiet minds,
Dear sir, I must confess,
I could not understand it all;
And fears now fill my mind
That we blind people now are led
By leaders still more blind.

THE FELON'S STORY.

"I had a Christian mother, sir,
And think of her with joy;
And many times I've heard her pray
For me, her only boy.
But then she died when I was five;
I thought that none could know
The depth of grief I suffered then—
I loved my mother so.
Then five more years and father died.
And I was left alone.
'Twas then I found a loneliness
That I had never known.
From place to place I wandered on;

Sometimes I had a home,
Till discontent would fill my mind
And then again I'd roam.
'Twas thus I spent some weary years
Until I found a wife,
And, feeling that it would be best,
I settled down in life.
'Twas then my heart began to melt,
The Spirit strove with me.
No matter where I went, or stayed,
It followed constantly.
I joined the church, but still I felt
A grievous weight of sin;
I could not rest, and so, at last,
I called the preacher in.
Said he: 'Your nerves are all unstrung
From over-work, I fear;
A little rest would do you good;
You need a change of air.'
'Twas thus he dealt with my poor soul,
Nor lent a helping hand,
And now I'm sure that my case, sir,
He could not understand.
My wife and I were very poor,
And had to work for bread.
Tho' rest he said, would do me good,
I tried more work instead.
And so I wore my burden off.
My heart became more light;
And while we health and plenty had
I thought that all was right.
For years I worked with some success,
Laid by a little sum;
For I was economical,
And had no taste for rum,
But soon, alas! deep waters came,
And many joys did drown.
We lost one child—we had a pair—
And swift our hopes went down.
I felt disposed to murmur then,
To lose my precious Roy,
For in my every plan of life
I brought my darling boy.
Then, scarcely had time healed the wound,
When my own health gave way,

For some long months 'twixt life and death
My shattered body lay,
Doctors and merchants lent their aid
As long as I could pay,
But when means failed my friends, it seemed,
Could then no longer stay,
Well, at the last, I gained my feet,
But then my wife took bed,
Who, by much work, had cared for me,
And won our daily bread.
Then tried I hard to find me work—
I am a jeweler—
I thought if I could get a job
A nurse could care for her,
And I could all expenses bear,
But all in vain my search.
My old employer in the store
(A brother in the church)
To him I told my tale of woe,
But still he lent no aid.
He could have helped me much, I know,
If he had effort made—
The richest man in all the town,
He hardly knows his wealth,
'You can not stand the work,' he said,
'Till you have gained your health.'
For I was yet quite weak, but still
The greater was my need.
But all in vain for work I sought,
In vain for help did plead.
And when I saw the wasting forms
Of my poor child and wife,
Beheld the sad, yet patient look
Of those more dear than life.
I felt a desperation, sir,
I never felt before,
And took a costly watch of gold
From my employer's store.
I did not mean to steal at all,
But had the thought in view
That I would pay it back some time
And with big interest, too.
But soon, alas! an officer
Was placed upon my trail,
They found me out, arrested me,

And lodged me here in jail.
This is my case, and were it not
For my poor child and wife,
I had e'er now, by violent means,
Ended my wretched life."

"The Lord forbid!" said Bro. Lore,
"O friend, believe my word,
The prayers which your dear mother made
The Lord hath surely heard.
He'll care for your dear wife and child,
He notes the sparrow's fall,
And, if you'll give to Him your heart,
He'll bring you safe through all.
So kneeling down now let us pray,
And all to Jesus tell;
Confess in very truth to Him,
He loves your soul full well,
And says if we confess our sins
He's faithful to forgive;
Yea, 'If the dead believe on Me
Yet surely shall he live.'
O brother, dear! my hopes run high
As never in the past!
The day of God and of His Christ
Is now approaching fast,
Amen! come Thou, Almighty God!
O Jesus, be it so!
And now draw nigh and save this soul
Bowed down by sin and woe.
Come now, O Thou forgiving Christ,
And let him feel Thy power—
Make bare Thy mighty arm to save
And give him peace this hour."
And thus they prayed, those men of God,
With that poor penitent,
Until it seemed the dingy walls
Of that old jail were rent,
And Christ's forgiving smile shone down
Within that dismal room—
Within that sinner's heart it shone,
And lightened all his gloom.
That place became a palace, then,
And he became a king.
In rapturous joy he walked about

And loudly did he sing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem;
And crown Him Lord of all."

In spirit sang those happy three
That soul-inspiring hymn,
Till in the light of God that shone
All earthly light grew dim.
Still up and out in heavenly waves
The melody did swell,
Till, piercing all those gloomy walls
It reached the women's cell.
Then caught they, too, the holy fire,
Those happy pilgrims there,
And joining with their voices sweet,
They swelled the heavenly air:

"O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the Everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

And other pris'ners heard them there,
And felt the Spirit's flame,
For, God indeed was there in power
To glorify His name.
'Twas so that ere that day had passed,
And one more night had gone,
That all within the jail confessed
The Savior as their own—
Including him that kept the jail,
Who, with his family
The Savior found, and swelled the notes
Of mighty victory.
Then such a sound of joy and praise,
Such holy ecstasy,
Never before from prison walls
Passed into history.

The town was moved—some raved and swore,
While others they grew pale.
They blocked the streets on every side
Around that wondrous jail.
"What madness new has crazed their brains?
With what are they possessed?"
The wondering crowd each other asked,

As round the jail they pressed.
At last the balked authorities,
Much troubled thereabout,
Concluded that the Pilgrims made
More noise within than out;
And, since divided more and more
The multitude became,
For while some said, "it served them right,"
The more said, "it's a shame!"
Or many said, "they're Christians sure,"
A few would say, "Not so."
They quickly sent the jailer word
To "let those people go,
And give them space to leave the town:
And charge them further, too,
That they come back again no more,
Nor pass our borders through."

"God bless you all," the jailer said.
On giving them the word.
"Do as you feel the Spirit leads,
Obey none but the Lord."

Forth came they out, and saw a crowd
Of many people there;
When Brother Lore, led by the Lord,
Said, "Let us have a prayer."
And while they prayed God's mighty pow'r
Was felt by that vast throng,
So that when they had ceased to pray
And had announced a song.
The wond'ring crowd stood close about
To catch the faintest word.
When singing ceased, then Brother Lore
Unsheathed the Spirit's sword
And plied its edges keen and sharp
For more than half an hour,
While swift and fast the lightning flashed—
The lightning of its power.
First trembling stood the people round,
Then fell on every side,
Pricked to the heart they fled to God
And for His mercy cried.
And He was near to heal their hearts,
And dry their weeping eyes;

And soon the shouts of victory
From many souls did rise.

CHRIST'S POWER TO HEAL.

There by the curbstone on the walk
Was kneeling Brother Payne,
And next to him a crippled man,
His crutches he had lain
Aside to pray—for much he felt
The need of earnest prayer.
"Be merciful to me," he said,
And then God found him there.
He sat with thankful, streaming eyes;
The light of heav'nly grace
Forth from above—joy, peace and love
Shone on his tear-stained face.
Thro' Brother Payne the Spirit then
Said: "Brother, be thou whole,
In Jesus's name thy healing claim
For body as for soul."
He took his hand and raised him up;
He stood one moment, one,
And doubted not that God did heal,
Thro' Jesus Christ, His Son.
With both his feet upon the ground
For years he had not stood,
But now he walked, and leaped, and ran
Before the multitude.
And such a sight before their gaze
Did much their minds engage!
Said they, in wonder and amaze,
"Is not this Arthur Page?"
Some said it was, but others said,
"It surely can't be so,
For without crutches now for years
He has not walked, you know."
And yet 'twas he, beyond all doubt:
He walked as other men,
Filled with a joy that can't be told
By either tongue or pen.
Among the crowd his friends he sought
And told them every one
The wondrous things that God had wrought
Thro' Jesus Christ, His Son.
Tho, filled with joy, they wondered much,

And said, "It can't be real,
No doubt when this excitement's off
The pains again he'll feel."
But forth he walked with easy step,
And needed not a crutch,
Tho' filled with joy yet calm he was,
And then they wondered much.
He sought his father's lowly hut
And told the story sweet;
Then, scarcely pausing for his breath,
He ran up Market street.
Soon at the door of Fairy Inn
He asked for Ethel Page.
"She is not here," the woman said,
And left him in a rage.
Abashed he stood, and sorely tried,
Chilled by an icy fear.
What could this surly woman mean?
She surely had been here.
Then; crouching in a corner close,
He saw a sooty form—
Apparently a street arab—
There striving to keep warm.
Quite timidly the urchin poor
Approached and softy said,
"She got runned over up the street,
And now I 'spect she's dead.
They took her to the hospital,
I heard the woman say,
Because she had no money, sir,
A doctor's bill to pay."
With trembling limbs and reeling brain
Poor Arthur turned away,
He sought him out a secret place
And kneeling down did pray:
"O thou great Christ, who came to save
My lost and ruined soul,
And in whose name I now can stand
In soul and body whole,
O grant me, if it be Thy will,
My sister's face to see,
That I may tell what Thou hast done,
And speak in praise of Thee."
With firmer step and lighter heart
He rose up from his prayer.

He reached the city hospital
And sought his sister there.
"Page?" said the nurse, "Miss Ethel Page?
I do not know the name.
There was a girl from Fairy Inn,
That house of evil fame,
Who got run over on the street,
Was brought the other night.
You'll find her just across the hall,
The third room on the right."
And there he found the poor, frail form
Of her whose faithfulness
For years had sacrificed her life
His own to save and bless.
But she was sleeping and they said
She must not be disturbed;
And, though it was an effort great,
His yearning heart he curbed.
He told the nurse then who he was,
And said that he would come
As soon as she would do to move,
And take her to her home.
The nurse stepped out and, with his heart
Trembling 'twixt hopes and fears,
His head he leaned upon his hand,
And bathed his face in tears.
When Ethel woke she knew his form
And called him by his name;
And when she saw him easy rise,
And saw how quick he came
And threw his arms about her neck,
She thought she surely dreamed—
It was not Arthur, then, at all,
Although it like him seemed.
"My poor, lost sister, O!" he said,
"My poor, sick sister dear!
Come, tell me what has happened you?
How came my darling here?"
"You can not be my brother, sir;
My brother Arthur 's lame."
"O dearest Ethel, hear me now,
That's why I hither came,
To tell you what the Lord hath done,"
And then he told her all.

* * * *

"But tell me, Ethel, is it true,
That you have gone in sin?
Come, tell me what you had to do
There at the Fairy Inn,"
He said to her when at the last
His story was complete.
And then she told her simple tale
With voice so sad and sweet,
And said she thought on that dark night
If she must go to hell—
If she must sell her soul for bread,
She'd serve the devil well.
But God had interfered and saved
Her from the awful thing—
'Twas He who saved fair Sarah from
Abimelech the king,
And He it was that saved this soul;
He used an accident
To keep her from her plans that night
Who was on mischief bent.

"And think you that I can be healed?"—
His eyes now shone like stars—
"Of course you can, my sister, dear
For nothing dims or mars
The promise which He gives to all
Who come to Him in truth."
And then he knelt beside her bed—
This God-believing youth—
And offered up a prayer in faith,
While laying on his hands;
And Christ who holds back naught from those
Who do His blest commands,
Honored His Word and raised her up—
This virgin pure and true—
And saved her from a shameful death,
A blessed work to do.

PART THE FOURTH.

Conclusion.

But to resume. The meeting held
Out in the open street,

For holy armor proved to be
A vict'ry most complete.
And when it closed, some one secured
The spacious city hall
For night service, but still it proved
A house by far too small.
The countless throng on every side,
The rich, poor, high and low,
With one accord together came,
And filled to overflow
This largest house in all the town.
Then flashed God's lightning keen,
Revealing hearts of hypocrites,
And men's dark deeds were seen.
Unfaithful shepherds were arraigned,
Their flocks were undeceived;
Heartless oppressors got their share;
The rich for sin were grieved;
The poor the Gospel did receive,
And all by Satan bound,
A portion in God's Holy Word
Upon that ev'ning found.
Church members, those who were deceived
And yet did much profess,
Were taught to seek forgiveness first,
And then seek holiness.
For souls conformed to earth and sin
Are full of carnal dross,
And have no part in Christ or God,
But hate the blessed cross.
All such received a gracious call
From Christ, the blessed Lord,
To seek Him while He might be found,
According to His Word.
There sitting in that awful place
Beneath God's searching light
Sat Gibson, he it was who took
The suff'ring widow's mite.
He sat and tried to dodge the blows
The Spirit at him aimed;
The preacher pointed at him straight
He thought. He felt ashamed.

"*Thou art the man*," the speaker said,
(The Spirit helped him well),

"*Thou art the man, thou, thine own self,*
And doomed to endless hell!"
"My soul!" thought he, "how does he know?"
And then the speaker said:
"*Ye thro' pretense will make long prayers,*
Then widows rob of bread!"
His trembling knees together smote,
He reeled and nearly fell—
"*Ye hypocrites! how can ye 'scape*
The damning fires of hell?"

This final blow the Spirit gave;
He could endure no more,
But clutched his hat with trembling hand,
And started for the door.
The crowd sat spell-bound by the Word,
'Twas few that saw him go,
But still he thought the crowded house
Did his confusion know.
Out underneath the stars he thought,
"My God! and is this true?
And am I doomed to endless hell?
O Lord, what shall I do?"
Swiftly he walked, he knew not where;
Cold sweat stood on his brow.
His strength was leaving, and he thought,
"I must be dying now!"
On looking up he found himself
Beside the widow's cot.
As if impelled by some strange force,
He knew not why or what,
The latch he lifted and went in,
There by the humble bed
The widow sat beside her boy.
"Dear Lord, help us!" she said.
"I know your purpose, sir, said she,
"I know you've come for rent."
Said he: "I am about to die—"
"But still, we've not a cent."
"Good woman, hear me through!" he gasped,
"Here is my pocket-book—
A thousand dollars there you'll find
If you be pleased to look.
I mean no harm; I served you wrong,
And now before I die

I beg your pardon and your prayers
For my poor soul. Good bye!"
And he was gone, leaving her there
With open mouth and eyes.
And when once more he gained the street,
He felt with glad surprise
The load was lighter in his breast,
And then a tiny smile—
Such as his heart had never known—
Welled up each little while.

Adown the street he further strode
Until he reached the door
Where dwelt the once unhappy man
Who broke into his store.
"Your husband's coming home," he said,
"Tomorrow, without fail;
For by that time, if God permit,
I'll have him out of jail.
And so of course you must prepare
A 'welcome home' to give;
So here's a roll of bills to help,
And aid you then to live.
He used to labor in my store—
Tell him this is his pay.
And now, good night—remember me
To Jesus when you pray."
When once again upon the street
He fairly laughed outright;
He found the burden still was less—
His heart was growing light.
Said he: "That seems to do me good;
I will continue so,
And straighten up my wicked past,
Each crooked path I know."

But what a scene down at the hall
On this eventful night!
Where Gibson found himself again
Beneath God's searching light.
The mass of that great crowded house
Were bowing on their knees,
While hundreds of them healing sought
From every foul disease.
And not a soul did seek in vain,

For Christ doth truly say
That none who come to Him aright
Shall e'er be turned away.
So here before this mighty throng
He openly confessed
His sins, when God, good as His Word,
Him with full pardon blessed.
And so this man in after days,
From place to place did go
As fast as God would lead him out—
And give him strength to do.
And many a home he filled with joy,
This Christian meek and mild
For godly sorrow wrought for him
Religion undefiled.
And many a man took this same plan,
And for forgiveness meet
Brought forth the fruit which God requires,
And gained His favor sweet.

Now, tho' my story is so long,
Yet still I'll pause to say,
That o'er that town with purest light
Shines fair Millennial day.
For like a grain of mustard seed,
Or leaven hid in flour,
The truth of God did there increase
And prove His mighty pow'r.
Lightning will gleam from one small spot,
But quick its piercing light
Will lighten all the sky around
With radiance pure and bright.
So did God's truth this city fill;
It brought all things to light.
It purged away all filth and dross
And left the good and right.
Then honest hearts all sought the light,
They looked their Bibles thro';
What once was hidden to their sight
Came plainly to their view.
While Doctor Blair not needed there,
He and those of his kind,
Forsook the art, or moved to where
They could employment find.
The Fairy Inn, it soon became

A Bible reading room,
And all the places of its kind
Met each their sev'ral doom.

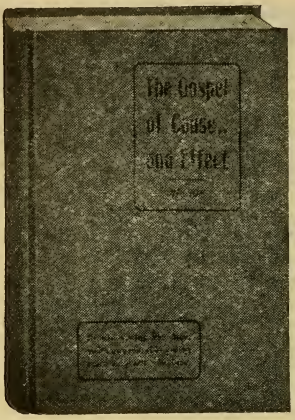
As for the woman, Mrs Ford,
Whose hands in blood did reek,
She met a swift and awful fate
Of which I shudd'ring speak.
If equalled, she was not surpassed
By Herod, who of old,
The infants slew to keep his throne,
By Holy Writ we're told.
A thousand little unborn souls
Will shriek and point at her,
Who shed their blood with ruthless hand,
And call her, "Murderer!"
The Holy Spirit found her out,
And in the deadly strife,
She laid rash hands upon herself
And took her wretched life!

No "station house" now needs this town,
No lofty prison wall;
No poison drugs, nor hospitals,
For Christ is all in all.
Here Capital and labor meet
In holy sweet embrace.
In bliss they share at Jesus' feet
The kingdom of His grace.
For all things now in common are,
Each serves the rest in love,
Until in Christ they fall asleep
To wake in bliss above.
If sickness comes, they pray, and call
The Christian elders in,
Who pray to God, Who heals their ills.
And pardons every sin.
Christ came to bruise the serpent's head,
And rob him of his prey,
And all we need is true belief
To bring Millennial Day.

FINIS.

L. of C.

Gospel of Cause and Effect



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